

MINERS TO VOTE—VICTORY MEDAL FOR TROOPS

The Daily Mirror

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No. 4,810.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1919

[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

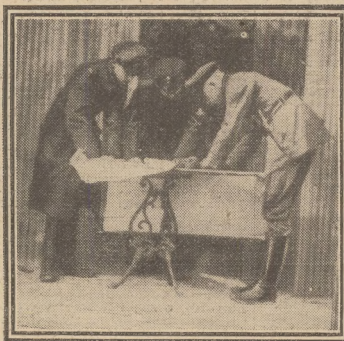
GERMAN BOLSHEVISM: MANY KILLED IN THE RIOTING



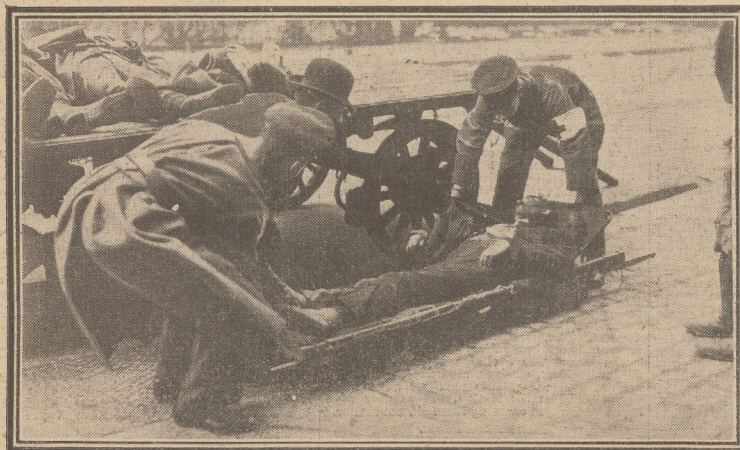
Red Cross workers busy after a fight.



Government soldiers arrest a Spartacist.



Officers (Government troops) studying maps.



Removing wounded civilians from the naval department. They were placed in rows on lorries.

These photographs, which have just arrived in London from Berlin, show the result of riots organised by the Spartacists, the name by which the German Bolshevists are known. They show how wanton destruction and loss of life are caused by these sporadic



The front of this house was completely blown out, twelve people inside being instantly killed.



A barricade made by pantechinons at a street corner.

outbreaks, which do not in any way assist the cause of democracy. The Government, however, are prepared for any eventualities, and have troops in readiness to deal with any further attempts at counter-revolution. (Daily Mirror exclusive photographs.)

PATHOS OF WIFE'S END ON SANDHILLS.

Inquest Tale of Husband's
Amazing Confession.

"DIE IN MY ARMS."

The inquest on Mrs. Audrey Bushill, twenty-three, who was found dead on the sandhills with two bullet wounds in her back, was concluded yesterday at Fomby.

A verdict of Wilful murder was returned against her husband, ex-Lieutenant Bushill, R.N.R.

On the morning of Saturday, March 1, Mrs. Bushill was found dead on the sandhills. Previous night searchers had found her wounded husband, Allan Newsome Bushill, twenty-five, who had been sufficiently recovered to be in police custody, and he is charged with killing his wife and with attempting suicide.

Mr. Newsome, father of accused, a printer, of Coventry, said his son had spent three years on the Conway and three years on the Mersey training ship, joining the R.N.R. in 1915. He served in the patrol service in the North Sea, and in transport and in mine-sweeping services.

"I WAS MAD."

Deceased's sister, Mrs. Muriel Stevenson, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel John R. Stevenson, deposed to meeting Bushill unexpectedly at Freshfield Station. Witness thought one of his intermittent attacks of malaria were coming on, as his eye looked wild and his cheeks were pale.

He said he wanted to get a breath of fresh air on the shore, and she persuaded him to go for a walk on the shore. While witness and her mother were walking home they heard a shot, but thought nothing of it, as shots were often heard. Witness nursed Bushill at his father-in-law's house. Speaking to her several times in the night, he said:

"Daddy told me I was a selfish fiend to shoot Audrey, but I think it would have been selfish to leave her behind. I was mad. I made up my mind that I was no good, and had to go out myself, and she could not have faced alone the disgrace of my having shot myself. I would not have done it unless I had thought it would have been instantaneous."

Witness asked him where he had got the money found on him from. He said it was his own savings.

DRAMA OF A RING.

He had bought the most beautiful ring he could find in the shop to give to Audrey, because he knew it would give her pleasure. He wanted her to be absolutely happy at the last.

He said he had taken off her engagement ring and had put this ring on her finger, and as she was admiring it he shot her in the back and then shot himself.

Bushill went on to say that then both of them became unconscious. When they came to Audrey said: "Oh, darling, what have you done that for?" He said: "Come and die in my arms." She answered: "No; we are not either of us going to die. I am going for help, and you will be better in a day or two." She also said, "You are not yourself."

Bushill told witness he remembered seeing his wife walk away, and noticed she had a brown stain on her back.

"JUST LIKE ONE OF US."

Mother's Comment Upon the
Queen's Homeliness.

The Queen paid what was in the nature of a surprise visit to Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital in Marylebone-road, yesterday, an institution which she recalled she opened when Duchess of York.

She visited all the wards and displayed great interest both in the babies and their mothers. With one, the wife of a "poulu" reported missing, she conversed in French for some time.

The scheme of remodelling, to cost something like £40,000, was explained to the royal visitor, and some exceedingly practical suggestions were made by her.

When the visit was over one of the patients, to whom she talked, asked what she thought of her visitor, replied, "Well, she is beautiful, and not in the least proud; just like one of ourselves."

ESQUIMAUX 'FLU TRAGEDY.

A message from Labrador, says Reuter, reports that a serious outbreak of influenza is devastating the coast, the inhabitants of which are mainly Esquimaux, numbering altogether about 3,000.

The message adds: "Many hundreds of Esquimaux are dead, and many of the bodies were eaten by dogs. It is believed that not over 400 Esquimaux are now alive on the whole coast. No relief can be sent as the coast is ice-bound."

TRAINS AND EASTERTIDE.

Sir Albert Stanley, in reply to a deputation yesterday, said the railway companies proposed to do all that lay in their power to add to the ordinary train services at Easter-time, but to say that they would run excursion trains at cheap fares would be simply holding out promises that there was not the slightest chance of fulfilling.

NAVAL CHANGES: NEW LORD COMMISSIONER.



Admiral Sir C. Burney, in-Chief, Portsmouth.



Admiral Sir R. Tupper, to be C.M.C., Coast of Ireland.



Vice-Admiral Sir H. Heath, to be C-in-C., Coast of Scotland.



Vice-Admiral Sir M. Browning, to be a Lord Commissioner.

ESCAPE FROM TOWER.

Officer Who Walked Out and Had
a Good Dinner.

CAME BACK NEXT MORNING.

When Second Lieutenant B. Napier, R.A.F., was charged with conduct prejudicial to good order and discipline in closing his account without making provision for three cheques drawn by him and post-dated, he was further charged with escaping from the Tower of London when under arrest.

He pleaded not guilty to the first charge, but guilty to the second.

Captain Rankin said that on February 4 Lieutenant Napier was one of the officers detained in the casemates of the Tower under special guard.

About 10 p.m. the N.C.O. in charge of the guard, on going to the accused's room to lock the door, found that he was not there.

The bed was so arranged with blankets that a casual glance might lead one to think he was sleeping there.

He returned about eight o'clock next morning and asked the commander of the guard to take him to the adjutant. The adjutant ordered him to be locked in his room.

Accused in his statement said that he walked out of his room about 6.30 p.m., and went out of the Tower. No one stopped him or questioned him.

Mr. Arnold said accused was a long time in detention. He walked out and went to the Cafe Royal, had a good dinner, and came back the next day.

Captain Rankin said that by sentence of a court-martial accused was severely reprimanded for being drunk in London on December 2, 1918, giving a wrong address to the A.P.M., and not wearing a blue brassard.

The sentence of the court will be promulgated.

FAMILY OF TEN IN CELLAR

"They're Not Dead Yet," Says
Man with Wife and 8 Children.

From Our Own Correspondent.

NEWPORT (Mon.), Wednesday.

When Frederick Charles Walters was charged at Newport, yesterday, with living with his family, consisting of his wife and eight children, in a cellar, he said he had been unable to comply with the notice to move because he could not find a house.

The sanitary inspector said the place was clean and the air purer than that in the court. Walters had brought his wife and children to the court, and when asked "Are all those yours?" replied "Yes. Come and have a look at 'em. They're not dead yet."

"No," said the chairman, "they look very much alive."

The case was adjourned for a month.

"REMEMBER ME."

Queen of Rumania's Simple Words
of Gratitude to War Workers.

"I am proud and thankful to see the Union Jack floating side by side with the flag of my country."

The speaker was the Queen of Rumania, and the scene was yesterday at the Central Depot of the St. Marylebone War Hospital Supply Depot in Cavendish-square.

A pretty little girl handed the Queen on her arrival a bouquet of beautiful dark roses, and a guard of honour was supplied by depot workers in white uniforms.

"I bless you from my heart for what you have done for my people and for others," said the Queen on departing. "I shall remember you and your work. I trust you will all remember me."

GAS OVEN TRAGEDY.

A strong smell of gas outside 18, Mulberry-west, Chelsea, aroused the suspicions of a neighbour. When the police forced an entry they found a woman, aged forty, and a boy of about four, dead with their heads in the gas oven.

IDENTITY OF £30,000 DONOR.

It was Sir Herbert H. Bartlett, Bart., who in 1911 anonymously gave £30,000 to the London University.

THE VICTORY MEDAL.

Decoration for All Troops That
Fought on Allies' Side.

RAINBOW-COLOURED RIBBON.

By Our Parliamentary Correspondent.

The Daily Mirror learns that one of the committees appointed by the Peace Conference in Paris has recommended that a victory medal should be presented to all the troops who fought on the Allies' side.

The medal should, it is suggested, be of uniform size, with a rainbow coloured ribbon, with a streak of red in the middle.

It is expected that the committee's recommendation will be adopted.

"VICTORY"—IN DRAMA.

Miss Marie Lohr's Success in
Adaptation of Conrad's Novel.

Happy is the author with two qualities? Such an one is Mr. Joseph Conrad.

One may well doubt whether the strange imaginative quality of his prose can ever be communicated successfully through the medium of drama, but then Mr. Conrad has also the quality for telling a thrilling tale of romance.

Such is "Victory," the strongly emotional and fantastic romance so successfully dramatised by Mr. Basil Macdonald Hastings for Miss Marie Lohr, and produced by her at the Globe Theatre last night.

The pitiful "beggar girl" figure of Lena, the hermit hero, on his lonely island, and those sinister forces which centre on "Mr. Jones," make at once a picturesque and thrilling drama. It is all frankly melodramatic, without Mr. Conrad's prose, but it grips the audience.

Miss Marie Lohr scored another personal triumph as Lena, whilst there was some remarkable character acting from a strong cast, headed by Mr. Gayer Mackay.

If the public is looking for strong romantic drama now, Miss Lohr has found the play.

"AWARE OF ABUSES."

Minister Asks M.P.s for Cases—
Irish Illustrations.

That 988,619 persons drew out-of-work donations in the week ending March 14, amounting to £1,200,000, a slight increase over the previous week, was the statement made in the Commons yesterday by Sir R. Horne.

Originally fixed to end on May 21, the scheme had been extended for another six months.

He was aware that there were cases in which the employment donation was abused, and he would be grateful if members would bring to his notice any such cases.

During the hearing of a case at Drogheda, in which two men were returned for trial on a charge of conspiracy to defraud the Ministry of Labour by procuring or attempting to procure unemployment donations, it was stated that people had come into Drogheda on motor bicycles to draw their donation, that a sea captain earning £10 a week was one of the recipients, and that people who had got the money drove home cheering for Mr. Lloyd George.

ORDEAL OF 44 RABBITS.

£5 Fine for Cruelty at a Durham
Coursing Match.

From Our Own Correspondent.

DURHAM, Wednesday.

Forty-four rabbits in a crate a yard square and nine inches deep was what Police Inspector Langdon found at a rabbit coursing match at Broom Park, Durham. Six were dead or dying and one had a broken leg.

The culprit was a charge of cruelty against Edward Kirkby, a miner, who, while expressing sorrow, said the rabbits were all alive when they arrived at the station, but as they were dying he thought coursing them did not matter. Fined £5.

A MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE.

It was announced in the Commons last night that the Government were prepared to make forward the necessary measures to make the Board of Agriculture a First Rate Ministry.

NO DOGS CARRIED ON OMNIBUSES?

May Become the Rule in
London.

CONDUCTOR'S POWERS.

"No dogs carried."

Is the day coming when we shall see such a notice displayed in buses and trams? It would almost seem so.

Following the example of a large number of shops, restaurants and theatres, the London motor-omnibus conductors are, in many cases, refusing to allow dogs on their vehicles.

A "scene" just outside Victoria Station, witnessed by The Daily Mirror yesterday, has brought the question to the fore.

A motor-omnibus, with plenty of empty seats inside and out, was standing by the kerb in Victoria-street. A girl rushed up carrying a small Pekingese in her arms.

She jumped on the step, but the conductor, wearing service ribbons, put up his hand. "Can't take you with the dog, lady," he said.

"Why—what possible harm can he do?" "I took a dog on my bus last week," said the conductor, "and it bit me. I said then I'd never take another dog on my bus as long as I live. And I'm not going to!"

The girl was almost speechless with indignation—tears came to her eyes. "You—you coward!" she gasped, as she reluctantly got off the step, "and I've got a most important appointment!"

Several omnibus conductors told The Daily Mirror that they sympathised with the firm stand taken by this particular conductor. "We all have the right to use our discretion about allowing dogs on the bus," said one man.

Personal animosity against all pet dogs coming on so long as they are carried and on a chain. A dog running about inside or outside the bus, tripping people up and very often snapping at one's legs, is a great nuisance.

An official of the London General Omnibus Company told The Daily Mirror that the present ruling gave conductors the right to use their discretion with regard to dog passengers.

DOG THAT SAW MASTER OFF

Officer Fined for "Maliciously Killing"
His Neighbour's Terrier.

An unusual offence of "maliciously killing a dog" was preferred at the Marylebone Police Court yesterday against Lieutenant Lecky Forbes, of 36, Belsize-grove, Hampstead.

On behalf of Mr. Charles Tyrrell Strangways, of Gilling Lodge, Belsize-grove, Mr. Freke Palmer said that the dog was a favourite fox terrier, and accompanied Mr. Strangways to the Belsize Park Tube Station.

It returned by itself, and when Mr. Strangways reached home he found it dead outside his front gate.

In defence, Lieutenant Forbes said that the dog had "lived" in his garden for two or three weeks, but Mr. D'Eyncourt held that he had no justification for shooting the animal, and fined him £5, with £3, the value of the dog, and three guineas costs.

How a "Daily Mirror" photograph restored a Pekingese, which was lost for thirteen months, to its owner was told by Mr. Henry J. Selby at a meeting of the Dogs' Home Society yesterday.

The photograph brought over 3,000 offers for it, varying from 10s. to three guineas.

Lenin and Dogs.—The Soviet of Commissioners of the Northern Russian Commune has issued the following:

"All dogs of the following breeds in the territory of the Petrograd Labour Commune are to be registered—viz.: Dobermanns, Pinchers, Adel terriers and German shepherds. All the dogs thus registered may not be sold or exported beyond the boundaries of the Petrograd Labour Commune."

WATERLOO TRAIN SMASH.

Traffic Dislocated but Only One
Passenger Injured.

Two trains collided at Waterloo Station yesterday morning.

A steam train from Leatherhead, running into the station, crashed into the rear portion of the 8.10 electric from Waterloo to Clapham.

Traffic was greatly dislocated, the platform where the accident occurred being completely blocked, and the adjoining one also.

The steam train was full of passengers, but only one was injured.

The accident is attributed to the electric train fouling the points.

WHERE THE SUN SHONE.

The sunshine records of some of the health resorts yesterday were as follow:—

Bournemouth, Weymouth, Torquay, Falmouth, Penzance and Ross-on-Wye each had ten hours. Newquay (Cornwall) had nine, and Eastbourne, Leamington and Aberystwyth had seven hours.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Forecast for S.E. England.—Moderate to fresh winds, between S.W. and W. Cloudy to dull. Probably some rain. Milder.

MINERS TO BALLOT—NEW THREAT TO GOVERNMENT

HOW KAISER BROKE NEWS OF HIS EXIT.

'My Dear Boy' Told About Unsafe G.H.Q.

"IN HAPPIER TIMES."

Why the ex-Kaiser decided to bolt for Holland is disclosed in his letters to the ex-Crown Prince, published in the *Deutsche Zeitung*, says a Reuter's special Berlin message.

The autograph letter, which is dated November 9—two days before the armistice—is as follows:—

"My Dear Boy,—After the Court Chamberlain had informed me that he could no longer guarantee my safety at German Main Headquarters, and that the troops also were no longer trustworthy, I have resolved, after a severe mental struggle, to leave the army, which has collapsed, and go to Holland.

"I advise you to stick to your post until the conclusion of the armistice.

In Berlin two Governments, under the leadership of Ebert and Liebknecht, are fighting against each other.

"I hope to see you again in happier times. Your faithful and deeply afflicted father, Wilhelm."

'I, TOO, MUST SAY GOOD-BYE.'

Crown Prince Unburdens Himself in a Message to Hindenburg.

The Crown Prince then wrote on November 11 to Herr Ebert, asking to remain at his post, but Ebert replied that the Government, after hearing Major-General von Scheuch, refused.

Then the Crown Prince wrote to Hindenburg, as follows:—

"Highly Honoured Field-Marshal,—In these most grievous days of our life, both for my father and for myself, I, too, must say good-bye to your Excellency.

With deep emotion I have been obliged to decide to make use of the authority granted me by your Excellency to lay down my post as Chief Commander and to take up my residence in a neutral country.

"Again and again during 1916, 1917 and 1918 I made both oral and written representations to the persons concerned that Germany must endeavour by every means in her power to terminate the war.

"In many conversations with General Ludendorff I pleaded for a wise peace by understanding, and expressed the view that the most favourable opportunity for attaining this end was reached when we occupied strong, powerful positions before and also during the spring offensive."

'HURLED FROM HIS THRONE.'

Wanted to Avoid Further Causes of Damage to Fatherland.

"As regards internal politics, I am the last person to oppose the liberal development of our Constitution. Only a few days ago I set forth this view in writing to Prince Max of Baden.

Nevertheless, when the weight of events hurled my father from his throne I was not only not heard, but was simply passed over as Crown Prince and as heir to the throne. No renunciation was either demanded from or made by me.

"Notwithstanding these facts, my standpoint was to persevere at my post, and my idea was, by holding my army group together, to avoid further causes of damage and disintegration for our Fatherland."

A German State Tribunal is to inquire into the events at the opening of and during the war.—Reuter's Special.

At the demonstrations in Berlin last Sunday, says the Exchange Copenhagen correspondent, flowers were laid at the monument of Bismarck and the Kaiser, while there were cries of "Long Live the Kaiser!" Ludendorff was heartily cheered by officers.

A CORNISH DRAMA.

At the inquest on Ernest Frederick Wilton Schiff at Carbis Bay, St. Ives, Cornwall, yesterday, a verdict of manslaughter against Albert John Nicholls, tin miner, of Zennor, was returned.

Prior to the war Mr. Schiff, aged forty-eight, was a jobber on the Stock Exchange. Afterwards he received a commission.

Nicholls complained of Schiff's conduct to his daughter, and when to his residence for an interview, Schiff there struck him three times. Nicholls, defending himself, knocked Schiff down and left him sitting on the pathway.

A doctor said both eyes were blackened, the nose and throat were broken. Schiff told the doctor somebody had set upon him, but that the man had cause for it.

Call by Miners for Withdrawal of Army Bill or Steps to Compel Such Action.

NO RAILWAY STRIKE?—DECISION TO-DAY.

The Labour Position.—After deciding yesterday to take a ballot of miners on the question of the Government's new offer and to advise acceptance, the Miners' Conference threatened to take steps, both political and industrial, to compel the withdrawal of the new Military Service Bill. Railwaymen will decide to-day whether or no they will cancel their strike declaration and accept the agreement made with the Government.

HOW AND WHEN BALLOT WILL BE TAKEN.

Result To Be Known on April 14.

The Executive Committee of the Miners' Federation, at a meeting yesterday afternoon, decided that the ballot vote of members should be taken on April 9 and 10, and that the results of the voting should be in the hands of the secretary, Mr. Frank Hodges, at the offices of the Federation, 55, Russell-square, London, on the morning of April 14.

It was also decided to convene another national conference of the Federation to consider the result of the ballot on April 16.

THE BALLOT PAPER.

The committee decided that the ballot papers should be sent out in the following form:—The Government, as the result of the Coal Industry Commission, having offered:—

1. Hours.—A reduction of one hour per day in the hours of underground workers from July 16, 1919, and "subject to the economic position of the industry at the end of 1920," a further reduction of one hour from July 13, 1921.

2. Surface workers' hours.—Forty-six and a half working hours per week exclusive of meal times, from July 16, 1919.

3. Wages.—An increase of 2s. per day worked to all colliery workers and 1s. per day worked for colliery workers under sixteen years of age employed in coal mines or at the pit heads of coal mines—this to apply as and from January 9, 1919.

Nationalisation.—In view of the statement in the report of the chairman of the Commission that "the present system of ownership stands condemned," and that "the colliery workers shall in the future have an effective voice in the direction of the mine," the Government have decided that the Commission must report on the question of the nationalisation of the mining industry by May 20, 1919.

Are you in favour of accepting the above terms? YES. NO.

Please put your cross opposite "Yes" or "No" in the space provided for the purpose.—(Signed) Frank Hodges, Secretary.

Mr. Smillie, who presided over the miners' conference yesterday, made a vigorous speech, in which he strongly deprecated extreme measures, and pointed out the risk of losing what the miners had already gained and the prospects of further gains if the Coal Commission continued its inquiry.

The question of the surface workers gave rise to a great deal of discussion. The extreme element was greatly outnumbered at the conference, and formed scarcely one-sixth of the total number of delegates present.

It is anticipated that the ballot of miners in South Wales will yield a substantial majority in favour of accepting the settlement terms.

"NO CONSCRIPTION."

Miners' Threat If Government Does Not Withdraw Bill.

The miners at their meeting yesterday passed the following resolution:—

"That this conference calls on the Government immediately to withdraw all British troops from Russia and to take the necessary steps to induce the Allied Powers to do likewise.

"We further most emphatically protest against the attempt of the Government to fasten conscription on this country by means of the Bill now before Parliament described as the Naval, Military, and Air Force Services Bill, and calls on the Government immediately to withdraw this Bill, or, alternatively, this conference proposes to take such steps in conjunction with the organised Labour movement, both political and industrial, as will compel its withdrawal."

Mr. Bromley, of the Enginemen's Union, said last night that he welcomed the resolution of the miners regarding the Military Service Bill, and said he was strongly of the opinion that in certain eventualities the whole resources of the union could be placed at the disposal of organised labour to see that the Bill was withdrawn.

Sir John Simon, at Crovdon last night, said he thought the miners were right to call upon the Government to abandon or withdraw the Bill.

BOLSHEVISM IN HUNGARY.

This is what Bolshevism means to Hungary:—Revolutionary Courts will decide cases. Verdict by secret vote. No appeal from sentence of death. Plea for mercy cannot postpone sentence.

TO-DAY'S BIG DECISION.

Railwaymen to Reconsider Their Strike Resolution.

Members of the executive of the National Union of Railwaymen again met Sir Albert Stanley at the Board of Trade yesterday to discuss points left outstanding after Monday's conference, so as to present something in the nature of a complete agreement to the delegate meeting of railwaymen to-day.

Representatives of the National Union of Railwaymen and the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen conferred for nearly four hours at the Board of Trade on the subject of the guaranteed day.

"We cannot decide anything here, but to-morrow is the fateful day so far as the railways are concerned," said Mr. Thomas.

There will be a full delegate meeting of the National Union of Railwaymen at Unity House at 9.30 this morning, when the agreement arrived at with the Government will be considered.

Mr. Bromley said last night that there was little likelihood of a general strike.

"BLOOD AND WEALTH LOST THROUGH CLAMOUR."

Sir E. Carson Promises Disclosures.—Mr. Churchill and Russia.

"The Government did not contemplate using these men against either Russia or Labour, but I can accept no limitation as to the scope of the Bill," said Mr. Churchill, replying yesterday in the Commons to a debate on the new Military Service Bill.

Mr. Churchill said if there were no such places as Russia it would still be necessary to have this Bill, which was not intended to raise large conscript armies to press into the heart of that country.

So far as the position in Russia was concerned, there was no need to make heavy weather over it in this debate.

Mr. Churchill gave the assurance that in no circumstances would this Bill be renewed by the Expiring Laws Continuance Act.

Sir E. Carson said it was not a popular Bill, but that fact ought to make them very cautious of what they said about it.

Some day there would be revelations of the blood and treasure that were lost because men before the war gave way to such cries.

U.S. OFFICIALS ESCAPE FROM BUDAPEST.

Captain Roosevelt Safe—Mystery of Count Karolyi.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday.—The State Department learns that Professor Philip Brown, Captain Nicholas Roosevelt, the American members of the Inter-Allied Mission, have succeeded in leaving Budapest in safety.—Reuter.

An unconfirmed report, quoted by Reuter's Prague correspondent, declares that Count Karolyi (ex-Premier of Hungary) has been assassinated.

Other reports state that he has been arrested and will be tried before a revolutionary tribunal.

M. Savinkoff, former Russian Minister of War, stated in an interview (says Reuter from Paris). In the spring the Red Army will be able to put into the field 5,000,000 soldiers of poor quality, but well armed, against an opposing force of only 500,000, who need equipment."

"BIG FOUR" DISCUSS THE RED SHADOW.

Rapid Progress Made in Peace Decisions.

FATE OF THE RHINE.

By Our Parliamentary Correspondent.

I hear that the Council of Four has made such rapid progress with its work in Paris that the main decisions are likely to be arrived at before the close of the present week.

The Prime Minister's return to London next week is now regarded as certain.

General Sir Henry Wilson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, returned to Paris yesterday after a brief visit to London.

PARIS, Wednesday.

I learn from an authoritative French source that the Big Four have been debating the Bolshevik peril in consultation with Marshal Foch.

PEACE WITH ALL.

Immediately his correspondence in France, says that it is likely that the Supreme War Council will determine what steps shall be taken against Bolshevism.

It is understood that the Rhine is to be internationalised, and that France and certain neutrals are to be given special consideration. It is decided to conclude peace with all the enemy countries. Five separate delegations will come to Versailles representing respectively Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey.—Central News.

A message, says Reuter, has been received at the White House, Washington, from the American peace delegation in Paris, saying: "Greater progress towards peace is being made than appears on the surface."

PROPAGANDA IN FRANCE.

A high British authority stated in Paris last night that he believed that the Treaty of Peace with Germany would be ready by the middle of April.—Reuter.

300 Russian Wild Men.—The *Liberté*, in a telegram to its correspondent in France, says that the departure of Captain Sadone is confirmed, while 300 Bolsheviks, the majority of them Jews, with a knowledge of the French language, have been sent by Lenin, amply supplied with money, for propaganda work in France.

All of these people come from a regularly constituted school, founded by Trotsky.—Exchange.

Warsaw reports say that in Lithuania the Poles have forced the Bolsheviks to retire on a wide front.

LORDS DEMAND INQUIRY INTO SLOUGH MOTOR DEPOT.

Viscount Milner Says It Will Save Millions of Money.

The Slough motor depot was discussed in the House of Lords yesterday, when Lord Desborough moved for a Government inquiry into the building of the Government's great motor repair depot at Cippenham, upon which £1,000,000 has already been spent, and the total cost of which is estimated at £1,685,000.

Lord Inverforth said that in July, 1917, such were the Army motor transport requirements that a central depot was absolutely necessary, otherwise there would have been a breakdown.

Not more than £250,000 could be saved by the immediate closing down of the work, whereas the whole scheme could be completed by September, and it not required for Army purposes could be used for the provision and maintenance of the national scheme for improved road transport services.

Lord Milner, in declaring that the Government did not buckle inquiry, said the "Slough scandal" was going to result in the saving of millions of public money.

The motion was agreed to without a division.

YOUR WORST FOE.

M. Pichon, French Foreign Minister, speaking in the Chamber, said:—

"We did not declare war against Russia when we began the fight against those who were opposing her, or when we took steps to oppose the infiltration of Bolshevism."

"Bolshevism is a scourge, not only for Russia, but also for the whole of humanity."—Reuter.

Incidentally M. Pichon said that the Allies had only 34,000 men at Odessa, of whom 3,243 were French.—Exchange.

OTHER TROUBLES.

Korea.—Political arrests will soon exceed 4,000; country seething with unrest.—Exchange.

Egypt (March 21).—Delta area still unsatisfactory. Cairo quiet.—Exchange.

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"I have been on a destroyer since the commencement of hostilities, and owing to my night watches while on patrol duties, with which I have experienced some very dirty weather, I have suffered with Influenza. I was recommended by one of my gun's crew to try Phosferine, which he told me cured him of the same complaint. I did so, and the results obtained were more than I expected. I have gained my health back again, and feel twice as strong as before taking Phosferine, and in future I will always keep a tube of Phosferine Tablets by me. I enclose a photo of myself taken with my gun's crew, and no doubt you will agree that my health is absolutely the results of using Phosferine."

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PHOSFERINE

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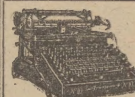
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Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1919.

PEACE REJOICINGS.

A LITTLE PREMATURE?

WE observe in St. James' Park, and we read in several newspapers, symptoms and signals of further Peace Jazzing, presumably fixed for the "London season" this summer.

Evidently there are going to be triumphal avenues, hung with paper flowers, immense processions, copious drinking, a rush of all the world to London, and, above all and always, gigantic outpourings of public money. The only difference between this and other such celebrations seems to be that white pyramids stand in the Park to receive the decorations, instead of the usual brown poles covered with red bunting.

Humbly we may advance the opinion that it is a pity to revive the old Armistice Jazz spirit.

The country hasn't time or money for it in the first place. And, also, it cannot be forgotten, by those of us who still have memories for the dead, that about half the finest men in the world have been swept out of existence by a cruel and premature death, so that those will be few who can rejoice in the true spirit.

But if many can so far forget the immense tragedy we have been through, as to indulge in further revelry about it, we may just add this obvious reflection—daily growing more obvious!—that the tragedy isn't over yet, but shows signs of renewing itself on a new scale.

We seem to think we are at peace. But are we?

To read the Paris Press you wouldn't think so.

"Send an army to Danzig!" wails one. "Equip the Rumanian Army," roars the Temps. "Send more men to Odessa!" shouts a third. And we all know what the Army, Navy and Flying estimates are for the year of this visionary peace we are preparing to celebrate in the midst of the new war.

Suppose we wait? Suppose we wait and see? Suppose we cease spending further huge sums on peace decorations till we get the peace we intend to decorate with pyramids instead of poles?

ART AND THE PEOPLE.

TWO or three interesting letters in our correspondence column have been discussing the capacity of the miner and other hand-workers for art. One of them reminds us to-day that Morris always held that true art came from the people.

It is certainly one of the tragedies of our so-called Progress since the Middle Ages that art no longer comes from them—can indeed hardly be expected to come from them, in the conditions under which they live.

But we would say, rather, that art never did originate with any mass or class. Inspiration abides with the few. But the few should be found in every class. And every class should contribute to the arts that make men happy in the mass.

One of the enormous hopes, then, that belong to the policy of bettering the condition of the masses is just this—that you set free the inspiration that may exist, dumb at present and blinded, amongst the humble, as amongst the rich.

As it is, in dumbness and darkness, many of Nature's chosen die unheard, owing to man's injustice.

Here is the conclusion quite reasonably to be drawn from the facts our correspondents give us about the wounded miner or toiler who, slowly recovering in hospital, under the right help and in the true conditions, shows himself able to create and fashion beauty with the hands that now obey the rested and happier brain.

W. M.

RACING TO BEGIN AGAIN IN PARIS.

PROSPECTS FOR LONGCHAMP AND AUTEUIL THIS SUMMER.

By SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

RUE CORNEILLE, Paris.

AT last the welcome news for Paris that racing is to begin again!

What visions of other days the very mention of Longchamp, Maisons-Lafitte and Auteuil conjure up! What visions of wealth and beauty, of fame and of fashion! These Paris racecourses were the scenes of more lavish displays of dress—sometimes exaggerated and eccentric—than any other places in the world. They were at once social centres, the rendezvous of Europe, and popular fêtes, the resort of all Paris.

For more than four years there has been not a single race. Unlike Britain, France closed down at once. It came suddenly,

and sheep and cattle intended for the Army, and since then they have been put to strange and manifold uses.

When the Germans advanced on the capital trenches were dug and barricades erected on the site where fame and fashion had mingled. On one ground there is still a printing works where some of the official reports of the Peace Conference are printed for the statesmen who are hurrying up in order to give Paris its innocent pleasures again.

"RECONSTRUCTION."

Certainly racing cannot be resumed at the point where it was broken off. France has not altogether neglected its bloodstock, but nevertheless there has been a considerable falling off both in quantity and in quality, and undoubtedly foreign competitors will have a comparatively easy task. Spanish owners will be in evidence, and a welcome addition to the colours shown will be those of Lord Derby, who has expressed his intention of entering the racing arena. The British Ambassador has joined the French Jockey Club and has his

THE PUBLIC MAN AND THE PUBLIC MONEY.—No. 8.

M^r BUREAUCRAT'S OFFICE.—ENTER A NEW SECRETARY WITH TENDERS FROM CONTRACTORS FOR PROPOSED NEW BUILDINGS



As to contracts. The immense savings effected in this department seem to show that formerly it was a bureaucratic maxim always to choose the more expensive of two offers.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

without a word of warning, the order to cease sport. A much more deadly sport engaged every attention, and France became serious. Nothing is more surprising than the swiftness with which France passed from peace days to the full state of war. There was no transition period. The curtain was rung down as at a cry of "Fire!" in a theatre.

In those days of hot summer the President of the Republic and the humble Parisian were on the racecourse. A bolt from the blue, and the racecourses were shut up! All the elegant women, moving in a maze of colour on the paddocks and the lawns, all the merry-hearted masses, laughing and excited on the pelouses, were dispersed never to meet again until the great war was ended.

Paris has passed through terrible days, but the high spirits of yore have not been destroyed, and on that reopening day of racing the trams and trains will be crowded.

The news has given great delight to all classes of people. Now that the day draws near there is a positive excitement about the programme of the coming season.

It is not easy work putting the courses in order. At first they were used to park the

horses in training on the French side of the Channel. We shall see this year the black jacket and the white cap pull off a French classic event.

There will be for a long time to come many British and American visitors to the French capital, and they will have an opportunity of judging for themselves the charm of Paris sport. Not only so, but we are threatened with the greatest cosmopolitan invasion that has ever been seen. It is obvious that when once amusements really begin there will be no lack of spectators.

It has been decided to continue the system of the Pari-Mutuel, which is an excellent method of "having a bit" on the horse of one's choice. It is safe, and does away with many of the most objectionable features of some of the British race meetings. Moreover, it provides quite a respectable income for the State. I often wonder why it is not adopted in Great Britain.

But above all, it is the fair sex who make Paris racing what it is—an agreeable pastime, a scene of moving colour and brightness; a wealth of beauty and a panorama of delight.

S. H.

LABOUR AND PEACE.

HOW INDUSTRIAL STRIFE PREVENTS THE EUROPEAN SETTLEMENT.

THE WORKERS AND ART.

GIVE the miners and other workers a chance, and they will show what they can do for art!

William Morris always said that art came from the people.

So it did in the Middle Ages. So it will again if the workers get more leisure and more happiness.

W. H.

THEY DON'T CARE!

DON'T workers realise that any signs of industrial confusion here or elsewhere are inevitably interpreted as signs of weakness? While such confusion lasts that peace cannot be settled.

If, on the other hand, a good peace comes the conditions of industry will right themselves much more quickly.

The workers do not seem to care for the peace at all!

A. L.

THE COLONIALS' COMPLAINT.

WOULD it not appear that the Colonials serving in France and Belgium are entitled to a certain amount of consideration in connection with the proposed strike in England?

It is appreciated that for every day the British strike continues the Colonials must remain on this Continent, simply because they cannot move owing to transportation difficulties.

It seems rather an irony that the England we have been fighting for should now prevent us from returning to our homes because of internal disputes.

If the British people want to strike, why cannot they postpone the pleasure until they have paid their debt to the Colonies by sending the Dominions' fighting men back to their homes across the sea?

The attitude of the Mother Country at the present time will be an indication whether the sacrifices made by each one of her Colonies means anything to the Britisher.

A CANADIAN IN BELGIUM.

DREAMS AND DEATH.

DAILY MIRROR readers must not get perturbed over "Futurity's" very confident theory that we "die nightly." The theory has neither logic nor scientific facts upholding it.

Assuming his theory to be correct, a nasty slap on the face of the sleeper evidently brings his spirit back very quickly to the body it has vacated in order to wander in the spirit world! If we believe, as I do, that we possess a soul or spirit, "Futurity" must acknowledge that in our dreams our spirits still seem to be hampered and limited by those earthly shackles, the brain and body. Our dreams very often are of familiar scenes and people (not their spirits) that we know, though in rather grotesque and jumbled-up situations.

I do not deny that our dreams may be affected by supernatural influences, but I maintain that generally they are due essentially to worldly and bodily causes.

R. E. C.

SHORTER LETTERS.

Peace Delays.—I venture to state that the Peace Conference, by its procrastinating tactics, has thrown the progress of industry back by another five years. We cannot have settled industrial conditions until we have a settled peace. That is the crux of the present situation.—POSTUM.

Stripes for Prisoners.—Could not our repatriated prisoners be allowed to wear some symbol for the hardships which they suffered in Germany? I know something of these hardships, having been a prisoner myself at Langensalz and Mersburg. Might I suggest something similar to the gold stripe worn by the wounded?—L. J. (Private).

Cheers for the Guards.—I feel obliged to answer "Disgusted," who complains of lack of cheering at the march of the Guards. Did it occur to him that these silent people may have had sons and fathers who were perhaps still serving in other regiments or perhaps discharged through wounds or, worse, lying on the fields of France?—DEMOBBER.

The Fate of Danzig.—Danzig should be made an open port. It is the only solution. To give it to Poland to make two or three million Germans desperately rebellious under Polish rule.—A. N. W.

LOVE AT PEACE.

She whom I love will sit apart,
And they whom love makes wise
May know the beauty in her heart
By the beauty in her eyes.

Thoughts that in quietness confute
The noisy world are here,
Like music in a listening lute
Whose strings no finger stirs.

And in her eyes the shadows move,
Not glad nor sad, but strange
With those unchangeable gleams that prove
The stillness of charge.—GERALD GOULD.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 26.—Hardy annuals may be sown during the next three weeks. If a good selection of these old-fashioned flowers is grown, a pretty show of colour will be obtained in the summer garden. Let the soil be well dug and in a dry, powdery condition.

Rake the surface quite smooth, and sow the seeds thinly, just covering them with fine soil. Give water should very dry weather come, and directly the young plants appear begin to carefully thin them out. If annuals are left in a crowded condition poor flowers will result.

E. F. T.

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GENASPRIN

(Brand of acetyl-salicylic acid)



Doctors also testify that Genasprin stops fatigue-pains due to excessive brain-work or manual labour—instantly relieves excruciating headache, toothache, neuralgia, neuritis, and sciatica—remedies cold-in-the-head and feverishness—and is invaluable for gout, lumbago, rheumatism, etc. Buy a 2/- bottle (35 tablets) at your chemist's to-day; but be sure you get the Genasprin brand—the purest safest brand of aspirin—which does not depress the heart or upset the digestion.

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EXTRACT FROM "THE DAILY MIRROR"

A HAIR RAID.

Influenza Produces an Epidemic of
Premature Baldness.

From Our Own Correspondent.

NOTTINGHAM, Friday.
Influenza has produced an epidemic of falling hair, and Nottingham Hairdressers are working till ten o'clock every night giving treatment to ladies.
Appointments for treatment—shampoos, etc.—have to be made over a week in advance.

LADIES' TOZANA is the Perfect Hair Tonic.
GENTLEMEN'S TOZANA is the same Tonic
with fixatives added.

Neither strength contains Oil or Grease.

Of all Chemists Stores, Hairdressers;
or Post Free (Inland) direct from **1/-, 2/-, 3/6, 5/-**

TOZANA Perfumery Co., Ltd., 257, Gray's Inn-rd., London, W.C. 1.

Try also TOZANA Shampoo Powders and TOZANA Vanishing Cream.

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HAS BEEN PROVED
A MOST EXCELLENT
REMEDY FOR
FALLING HAIR
BEING A TRUE
HAIR TONIC TO
"FEED THE ROOTS."

OUR THREATENED TIDE OF EMIGRATION.

SOME PROPOSALS TO MAKE RURAL LIFE ATTRACTIVE.

By GORDON SUNDERLAND.

The author points out that we can ill afford to lose thousands of emigrants in the future.

SIR RIDER HAGGARD prophesies that within three years there will be an enormous emigration from Great Britain. As he is an expert on the subject of the land his forecast calls for attention.

If we are to lose a substantial percentage of our most vigorous stock Great Britain is evidently not going to be a land "fit for heroes to live in," but a land from which heroes will be only too happy to make a speedy exit.

Emigration is generally prompted by a dissatisfaction with economic conditions, and emigrants are, for the most part, men and women of spirit, energy, and pertinacity.

Their withdrawal from the family of the State represents a real loss, and such heavy drafts have been made by the war upon the sum total of these special characteristics that we can afford no further depletion.

From motives of self-preservation the State must therefore come to the rescue. It must exert every effort to keep its most valuable citizens at home. For the present, at any rate, it is undesirable that the streams of emigration should flow in such volume as during the years preceding 1914.

AMUSEMENT ESSENTIAL.

It is imperative that the national production should be carried to the highest point throughout industry, which includes the greatest industry of all, as is so readily forgotten—agriculture. That point cannot be reached or maintained if boatloads of "brawn and brain" are shipped off daily to the ends of the earth.

Primarily emigration is a land question. The Government proposes to reform our agricultural system. It had better revolutionise it. Perhaps it will.

But however the State may deal with the ownership of land there is the purely human aspect to consider first of all.

To induce people to remain at work on the land and to attract more and more people into agriculture, existence needs to be "livened up." While we are brightening cricket, making religious services "cheerful," we must "ginger" up affairs in the rural scene.

In Canada recently a number of returned farmer soldiers turned their faces to the town and promised to resume their occupation only on the condition that it was made worth while.

Those who glibly tell us that there are hundreds of thousands of soldiers wanting to go "on the land" don't produce the evidence and they do not tell us that the soldiers will only seek a living in agriculture if it is also made worth while.

STATE CONCERTS.

It seems to me, therefore, that to revivify the countryside a great scheme of amusement and recreation will have to be drawn up.

Mobile State cinematograph shows and State circulating libraries will have to be organised on an extensive scale. They will have to penetrate frequently into all parts of the country and large fleets of motor vehicles could be used to distribute this form of light and leading.

And State concert parties, State theatrical companies—these will be needed. It is not suggested that the State should provide free entertainment for the rural world. But it must provide it cheaply and abundantly. No profits need be shown—and no losses, please.

The cinematograph should be enlisted to further education in agricultural knowledge. The programmes ought to include informative and technical subjects as well as illustrate the exploits of "gunmen" and the saccharine domestic existence of sunshine girls.

Both men and women must be catered for. Many women desire to earn a livelihood from mother earth. And Eve, being eternally feminine despite all external changes in her status, will need recreations suitable to the sex.

A Department of Agricultural Education and Recreation might, therefore, profitably be formed. Not to earn dividends, but to encounter no financial loss. Otherwise it would lapse into a lethargic and costly bureaucratic machine.

Some such provision will have to be made to attract to the service of the soil temperaments to which unrelieved monotony is anathema, and not all natures are content to find mental nourishment from the smiling landscape and the twittering of birds on the bough.

G. S.

OLD TIME FASHIONS RETURN TO FAVOUR.

SPRING MODES COPIED FROM THOSE OF OUR ANCESTORS.

By MARY HOWARTH.

WHO has the hardihood to say that Fashion is a fickle jade, the soul of inconstancy, a revolutionary, never content with the old order of things, but always on the side of change?

Certainly not those who really know her, for they can fully prove her fidelity. In this season of slipping from winter into spring, the programme of delights she unfolds brings back many an old and valued vogue that has been dormant for a long while.

Take, for instance, the fashionable fillet of ribbon which may be worn with all the demure severity displayed by La Belle Ferronière as long ago as the sixteenth century, or with the abandon assumed perforce by the young Duchess de Fontanges over a hundred years later.

La Belle Ferronière introduced a headdress comprising an embroidered cap of sumptuous beauty with a forehead band, in the centre of which a pendant jewel appeared. The portion that survives now is just the band.

As for the other lady, she wore a grotesque erection on her head, and once, in a high wind, when she was riding, was near to losing it. So off she whipped her ribbon garters, and in impromptu haste tied the headdress on, thus setting a fashion for all sorts of pretty wares with ribbon which survived long after the absurd furore for weird coiffures had been ridiculed into obscurity.

Fashion hints coyly this spring that women

are soon going to become more feminine in their appearance than for a long while past. But without the sinner that used to go with the flounces and furbelows, poke bonnets, cornelian necklaces and the swish of nicely-starched white petticoats.

One might add quite largely to this list of early-Victorian prettinesses, for it is a long one. But the innovation that is most amazing is that of the white petticoat, once the very hall-mark of "gentility."

But now worn with such a difference. Herriek would not grant it the splendid description "tempestuous," for in strict truth it is just a complete fraud.

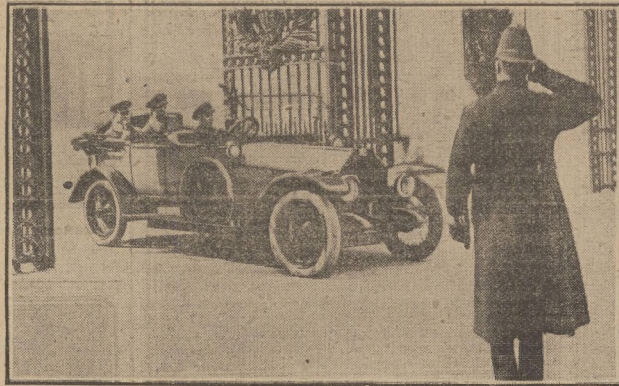
What is done is to tack beneath the hem of a little frock of sober taffetas, very demure but very captivating, just a row or two of "frillies," spotlessly white and crisp, which snowy simplices the rest of the frock reveals again in glimpses, beneath the arms when the seams of the corsage are opened, at the decolletage, where there is a "tucker" to match, and on the short sleeves, which are turned up with bands of fine white lawn.

There is something more than merely amusing in these hark-backs to old time, and particularly to the yoggles that pleased our early Victorian ancestresses.

Their taste in dress, as in almost everything else, is now constantly derided. Nothing that is really desirable, according to many modern critics, can justly be associated with them.

Yet the pretty compliment of copying their clothes, which is sincerest flattery, is being paid now, and those who remain amongst us, dear old ladies, will be the first to applaud.

M. H.



PRINCE ALBERT'S NEW CAR.—His Royal Highness is seen driving from the Palace courtyard yesterday.

GIVE US OUR WAITERS BACK AGAIN.

DO WAITRESSES TAKE A SERIOUS INTEREST IN FOOD?

By A DINER OUT.

THE women have been splendid!

There, having duly delivered myself of that remark, let me humbly point out a sphere which I sincerely trust they may vacate speedily in favour of its ante-bellum occupants.

I mean, of course, waiting in restaurants. Let me say at once that nothing could be more satisfactory than the girl waitress in the teashops. This they thoroughly understand. But dinner is a serious matter.

One can live without tea and little cakes, and many people do, and look none the worse for it, but show me the man who can do without dining. Tea is a "turn," dinner is a drama.

When Alphonse and Annabale went to join their respective armies, of course the girls took up their task, even in the most exclusive restaurants. New uniforms were designed for them, and photographs appeared showing how nice they looked. And they certainly were more ornamental than Annabale and Alphonse.

But beauty will not fill the famished diner. The bedrock fact is that women do not take enough interest in food to do the best work in restaurants. Left to herself, the average waitress would probably make her dinner off a slab of Canadian salmon drenched in dilute acetic acid, and a chocolate éclair. How could you expect her to take an artistic interest in the carefully-compiled menu?

You yourself know how utterly hopeless it is to consult a waitress on the composition of your dinner. You see some dish the name of which is unfamiliar, perhaps, on the menu—Poulet à la Yesuncle, say.

"What is this?" you ask. Phyllis inspects the line on the menu carefully.

"Poulet à la Yesuncle," she announces, triumphantly.

"Yes, but what is it?" you ask again.

"Oh, it's very nice," she answers, looking vague.

"I dare say; but what is it?"

"Do you think she can tell you how that chicken is trimmed? Not she! It is equally hopeless to ask her to recommend anything on the bill of fare.

To her it is all "very nice." How different from the male waiter, with his confidential whisper that the beef is good to-day, or that he wouldn't advise the stewed steak!

Alphonse would delicately suggest "Anything to drink, sir?" Phyllis fails to see that this kind of thing comes within the scope of her duties. Her business, she argues, is to bring the diner what he asks for, not to give lectures on food and wine. If he expects that kind of thing he ought to pay for admission.

Until women really wake up to the importance of food they will always be failures in the restaurants, though they triumph in the teashops.

Farewell, Phyllis! I faked your pretty uniform, your dainty shoes and neat ankles, your soft voice, and the shining circle of your hair. You were always polite and anxious to please to the best of your ability.

Good evening, Alphonse! What are you going to do for me to-night?

D. R.

THE TYRANNY OF THE PERMANENT OFFICIAL.

ARCHAIC METHODS ADOPTED IN OFFICIAL BUSINESS.

By AN EX-CIVIL SERVANT.

How the worship of precedent is carried to excess in Government offices is told here.

IN the days of my youth there used to be a very foolish conundrum which ran: "Why are the Civil Servants like the fountains in Trafalgar-square?" The answer to which was: "Because they play from ten till four."

Nothing could have been wider of the mark. The Civil Servant's day—it has long since ceased to be a six-hour-day—is made up, as a matter of fact, of the most exacting duties.

And many of these duties are entirely unnecessary.

It is not true to say that the English Civil Service encourages idleness. It is true to say that it places a premium upon stupidity.

It is the permanent official that rules the roost in Whitehall. Secretaries of State come and Secretaries of State go, but the permanent official goes on for ever.

We no longer worship the Great God Pan. But to-day we burn incense before another altar. It is that of the Great God Precedent, and it is a deadlier idolatry.

Again and again when some problem has arisen the solution of which merely called for the exercise of a little common sense, I have heard the question asked, "What was done on a former occasion?"

—THE HAND OF THE PAST.

Somehow or other a precedent must be found. Files are searched, dusty documents disinterred from forgotten pigeon-holes.

Back we must go, year after painful year—back to the Battle of Waterloo, if necessary. Only some parallel case must be found.

So public time and public money are both wasted. For the dead hand of the past lies heavy upon the permanent official, and he is tied hand and foot in swaddling bands—of red tape.

I remember an occasion—it is typical of many such—when a superintending clerk in a Whitehall office wished to communicate with another clerk in the same room.

Well, you would imagine that nothing would have been easier. He had merely to speak to the man.

But that, you know, would have been a gross violation of the best-established Civil Service procedure.

It is true that the question was urgent. None the less, the dictates of the Great God Precedent must be obeyed.

So our superintending clerk wrote a memorandum. Having done this he addressed an envelope and enclosed the memorandum within the envelope. Then he rang a bell for a messenger.

As it happened, no messenger was available at the time. In the course of ten minutes or so, however, one duly appeared. "Take this to Mr. S—," said the superintending clerk.

REPLY BY LETTER.

The messenger set forth on his errand to another table in the same room. The missive was delivered to Mr. S—, who read it, and replied—by letter.

Could such things exist outside a Gilbert and Sullivan opera—or a Civil Service office?

No doubt the new conditions brought about by the war have tended to alter things for the better. The advent of the temporary clerk has brought into the Civil Service a class of men who are at least acquainted with modern business methods.

In my younger days the heads of departments were not infrequently nominated by some influential personage. I knew one Government office where a man occupied a position of great responsibility. His sole qualification for the post consisted in the fact that he was a distant relative of an eminent Anglican prelate.

The Great God Precedent never had a more fervent devotee than this man. Whenever any problem arose for his consideration, he replied with one invariable formula: "Do the usual thing, my boy!"

Two or three days ago I was reading an account of an English rose grower, who employs no clerk and uses no telephone, no index file, no cash book, no day book, no ledger and no office—and yet makes a profit of £10,000 a year!

Whichall, I am afraid, would not know what to do with such a man.

And yet there are people who profess to believe that the most effective panacea for the social unrest of our time would be the control of all industries by the Government!

X. C. S.

HOW THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT DEALS WITH BOLSHEVISM.

FROS



Government troops in readiness for another Spartacist outbreak.



Barricade and machine gun in one of the streets of Berlin.

The German Government is determined to put down any Bolshevist outbreaks, and their troops are always prepared to deal with any ugly situation which may arise.



ONLY 120 MEN BACK CAME.—The Royal Scots Greys, reduced after casualties to 120 men, returned to Edinburgh and carried the colours to their new quarters. Nearly all wore the 1914 ribbon.



CLYDE DEFENCE BOOM DISMANTLED.—Thousands of yards of wire rope, piles of timber, massive iron buoys, enormous chains, and other devices, proved an effective barrier against U-boat for four years.



CLUBHOUSE DESTROYED.—The commodious Cleveland Clubhouse, which was erected just before the war, has just been destroyed by fire.



"THE SPY."—Cpt. N. A. Hardie, H.L.I. and R.A.F., to present Lady Margaret Sackville's one-act play, "The Spy," soon.



"WAR'S OVER."—Miss Jessie Harriman, ex-U.S. naval telephone operator, who told President Wilson the great news.



THE "CHINK" AND HIS LINNET.—The Chinese take great pains in training linnets to do various tricks, and here the owner (who is wearing khaki surmounted by a bowler) is about to throw a dart into the air for the bird to retrieve. It is sitting on his wrist.—(Exclusive Daily Mirror photograph taken near Ypres.)



SOMETHING NEW IN BLOUSES.—Chiffon blouse, which is offset by stencil designs accentuated by bead embroidery. The combination is blue and ecru.

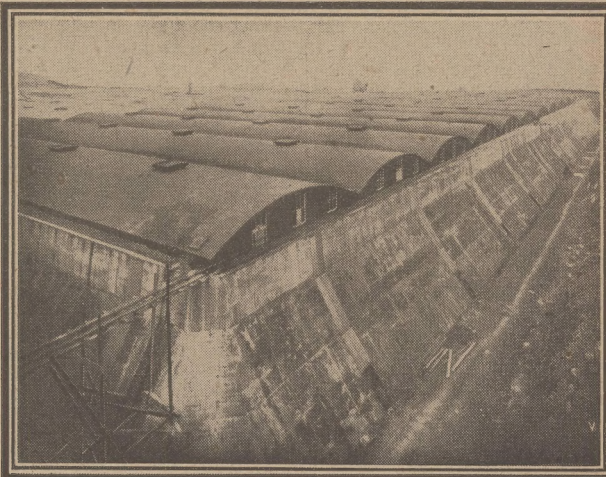
NAVY GEORGE with bead and

This bottle intact full column of ice Note how the up. Th

AK ADMIRALTY BUILDS AN ENORMOUS OIL FUEL RESERVOIR



A view from the north-western corner looking south-east.



The northern half of the reservoir looking west.

As oil fuel is replacing coal more and more in the Navy, a huge reservoir has been erected at Rosyth, the great naval base on the Firth of Forth.



INDIAN VISITORS TO LONDON.—Officers and their servants starting on a sight-seeing tour in a motor-char-a-banc. They are the guests of the Y.M.C.A.



BACK TO DOMESTIC SERVICE.—One of the many demobilised members of the Q.M.A.A.C., who have returned to their pre-war employment. She still wears her uniform covered with an apron.



SINN FEINERS MEET AGAIN.—McGarry, who made his escape with De Valera from Lincoln Prison, calls on his old friend, Countess Markievicz, who is staying in Dublin.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)



BUSY MAN.—Alderman R. M. Chart, J.P., has resigned Mitcham Urban Council clerkship. Holds fourteen honorary posts.



VICAR COMPOSER.—The Rev. Canon R. L. Alworth, vicar of Epping, who has died. He was a well-known musical composer.



JET MOTIFS.—These are introduced as trimming on this deep ecru blouse. It has also a new kind of collar and neck vest.



A REMARKABLE LEAP.—Many of the Belgian cavalrymen are able to perform wonderful feats, one of which is illustrated above. It will be noticed that the man is clearing six horses.



Mrs. John Fortescue,
formerly Miss Bourke.



Mrs. W. M. McCambie,
a sister of Lady Wilton.

MRS. LL. G., J.P.

Irritation and Irrigation in Egypt—Changes in Theatreland.

As you know, Mrs. Lloyd George is running for the local council at Crickioth, and her friends feel very hopeful about her chances. Somebody in Downing-street was saying yesterday that if the Prime Minister's wife were returned at the top of the poll she would become chairman of the council; and, ex-officio, a J.P. I wonder how local offenders will like being tried in front of a woman justice.

Self-Help.

Some people are under the impression that Mrs. Lloyd George has any amount of help in her political work from her distinguished husband. This is perfectly untrue, for she composes all her own speeches and so forth, and conducts her campaign unaided.

Milner's Million.

When Lord Milner spoke in the Lords about a certain loan which saved Egypt at a critical time, he obviously meant the magical million spent on irrigation in the early days. "But," said a wise man to me, "England is not Africa, and our policy in all sorts of things is being influenced too much by little sub-tropical African precedents."

G.O.C.-in-C. Retiring.

I hear that Sir John Maxwell, G.O.C.-in-C. Northern Command, will shortly be retired under the age clause. He will be greatly missed in the north, where he is very popular. Sir John was greatly upset last summer by the sudden death of his A.D.C., the Marquis of Conyngham, who fell a victim to "flu."

Demobbed.

A distinguished "demob" is Colonel E. T. Lawrence, C.B., D.S.O., whose adventurous career would make a good book. He is shortly to take up a History fellowship at Oxford. During the war he had a price put on his head by the Turks.

Courts-Martial Committee.

I hear that Major-General Lord Chylesmore is to be a member of Mr. Churchill's Inquiry into Courts-Martial during the war. Lord Chylesmore, who is "Old Brown" to his intimates, was a sort of standing President of General Courts-Martial in London during the war, and proved himself a most excellent and fair-minded "judge."

Italy's Beautiful Nurse.

The Duchess of Aosta is, I hear, to spend a good while in England, making her headquarters with her sister, ex-Queen Amelia of Portugal, with whom she is now staying. She knows more about Red Cross nursing than most women living.

Country Homes for Clubs.

To attract new members several of the best clubs are contemplating country homes. The Guards long since set this fashion when they opened their "branch establishment" at Maidenhead, and several other Pall Mall institutions are now seeking for suitable homes along the river and in the Home Counties.

Summer Dances.

One will be able to dance all the summer through if one belongs to the Hyde Park Dance Club. This new but popular institution intends to give five dances a week throughout the summer.

Flower Farmers.

Some demobilised land girls are taking small farms and cultivating various products, and flowers especially, for the coming season. The demand for flowers will be the greatest on record. Places with hot-houses especially appeal, one of them tells me—one of the girls, I mean, of course.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Clay Pipes.

It interests me to learn that Lord Eustace Percy has been smoking a clay pipe during his election fight at Hull. Do you know that it is extremely difficult to buy the old clay churchwarden pipes nowadays? Yet they are pleasant to smoke under a shady tree in the garden on a hot afternoon.

Pogging Away.

Over eighty M.P.s have promised to support the Hon. Violet Douglas Pennant's claim for a full inquiry into her dismissal from the W.R.A.F. I believe that Miss Pennant sent a letter on her case to every individual member.

Canadian Debutante.

Some of this season's "buds" will be from overseas. For instance, Mrs. da Costa, the Admiral's wife, will be entertaining largely for Miss Ruby Smith, a niece from Canada. This young lady is a musician and a linguist, and a great heiress as well.

Practical.

Miss Gladys Cooper still carries her injured arm in a sling, as I noticed when I met her in a big "department store" the other day. And what do you think she was buying? Candied rose-leaves? No, soap—good, practical household yellow soap, and she took away fourteen pounds of it.

Smoking Allowed.

An aunt of mine—I admit she lives in the country—had a terrible shock in the rest room at a large stores. She tells me she found the room reeking of cigarette smoke and two or three girls puffing away at "fags."

Doesn't Go Home to Tea.

Prince Albert is often too busy with his work to go back to tea at Buckingham Palace. Sometimes he has a cup of tea brought to his room like other workers; but I saw him in a teashop the other afternoon. With his hearty appreciation of "pastries," he must be thankful these are no longer controlled.

A Painted Tablecloth.

Painted black tablecloths are all the rage at present. I noticed that when Princess Marie Louise received the gifts for destitute Serbian women and children at Lady Nathan's house the other afternoon the table on which she placed them was covered by a dull black satin cloth, on which were painted large sprays of purple irises.

International "Rugger."

There was a big crowd at St. Margaret's, Westminster, yesterday to see Lieutenant "Archie" Symington, M.C., R.A.F., the well-known international forward and old



Miss Doris Barrington,
who will produce "On
Jhelum River" shortly.



Miss Nora Burns
gained O.B.E. at the
Ministry of Information.

Cambridge Blue, married. His pretty bride, Miss Gladys James, appeared none the worse for her bad attack of "flu."

The Train-Bearers.

Two dear little sisters, Betty and Nancy Thomson, were entrusted with the duty of holding the train by its gold tassels, and the bride's pretty "flapper" sister was another attendant, almost hidden by her vast bouquet.

Comrades.

When the 15th Hussars' Old Comrades' Association dines together, which will be on May 10, General Sir William Peyton will preside. At present he is engaged on the Rhine with the cavalry. Sir Hedley Le Bas would like men who want tickets to write to him at Clun House, Surrey-street.

The Cushion Cut.

I hear of some enterprising girls opening cushion shops instead of the conventional hat shops. They need but small capital to start, and the glorified and anything-but-comfortable cushion is one of the crazes of the day.

"Sleeping Partners."

Mr. Seymour Hicks was in characteristic gay mood at the revival of "Sleeping Partners" at St. Martin's Theatre. With Miss Lydia Bilbrook, who wore the most charming frocks imaginable, he excelled as the light-hearted, ever-resourceful lover. Altogether a most cheery show.

Everybody Happy.

Near me in the stalls I noticed those inveterate "first nighters," the Hon. Maurice Brett and his wife (Miss Zena Dare), while Miss Phyllis Dare sat between them. Mr. Herman Darewski told me that he had never spent a happier evening.

A Change.

At the end of next week Miss Renée Kelly will take up Miss Fay Compton's part in



New picture of Miss
Margaret Benneman
in "Buz Buzz."



Mrs. Hutton Croft,
whose husband is in
the Grenadiers.

"Fair and Warmer." So "Nothing But the Truth" will have to totter along without her to the end of the run, apparently.

Tit for Tat.

The R.A.M.C. and I.M.S. doctors were having a little spar. "I suppose you know what R.A.M.C. stands for?" snorted the Indian Medical—"Rather A Mixed Crowd." "May be," said the poultice-walloper sweetly, "and I.M.S.—Infinitely More So!"

Safe Women.

Women motor-car drivers; a high police official tells me, are more competent and much less reckless than men. Of every hundred street accidents he claims that women are not responsible for two.

News for the Nippers.

Mr. Arthur Mee, who is editing the *Children's Newspaper*, tells me he is anticipating a big demand for No. 2, out to-morrow. The first number was sold out on the day of publication, and an extra edition had to be printed.

Game or Poultry.

Passing a comestible shop yesterday I was astonished to see on the window in enamelled letters "Roast Owls," not having met the bird of wisdom in edible form before. A moment's reflection, however, showed that an initial "F" had dropped from the last word.

Midnight Melody.

"Joy Bells" were ringing out a joyous peal at midnight on Tuesday. Mr. de Courville's new revue at the London Hippodrome must be one of the longest on record. It started a little after eight; it finished a little after twelve.

Spectators.

There was a goodly throng of spectators. In the stalls I noticed Lady Diana Manners, Sir J. M. Barrie, Mr. Max Darewski and a whole host of theatrical and musical celebrities.

Not By Aeroplane.

Sir Alfred Butt is a disappointed man. He hoped and intended to have the Grand National film when taken brought to London from Liverpool by aeroplane. Now he finds that the restrictions on civilian flying prevent this, so the old-fashioned train will have to serve.

Yellowplush Again.

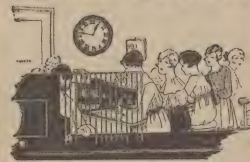
Certain demobilised men are anxious to put on livery now that they have got out of uniform. Coachmen, footmen and butlers hasten to advertise the fact that they are now "demobbed" and ready to take up their old jobs.

Consistency.

I notice that there is only a narrow strip of sandpaper on the striking side of matchboxes sold by some manufacturers. I suppose this is because the number of matches in each box has been reduced.

THE RAMBLER.

Indoor Workers



IN spite of the weather, with its accompanying changes, the office girl and indoor worker is always ready for duty.

The weather makes no difference. The cold winds and rain are forgotten, but nevertheless the complexion often suffers.

OATINE should be used regularly before going out and after returning from work, because it will preserve the complexion from all the harmful effects of exposure.

It contains natural oil which it restores to the minute oil glands beneath the skin, thereby nourishing the skin and keeping it at a natural temperature so that it cannot crack or chap or become sore.

Oatine
FACE CREAM

Oatine is also invaluable for the hands. It keeps them soft and velvety. It can be obtained from all Chemists and Stores and many Druggists, 1/3 and 2/-, The Oatine Co., London, S.E.

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or 11, Paradise Street, LIVERPOOL.

RHEUMATISM? BUT WHY? JUST READ THIS!

The pains, aches, swelling and stiffness can be stopped within ten minutes. One bath in hot salted water is guaranteed to prove this to-night, or your chemist is authorised to return money in full to-morrow morning, immediately and without a single question. Over a million packets of Reudel Bath Saltrates have been sold to date, every one with the money back guarantee enclosed. Thousands used by soldiers of all the Allied Forces. Avoid the inconvenience and heavy expense of a visit to some famous hot spring to enjoy baths in medicated and oxygenated water, similar both in composition and effects to that produced by merely dissolving in plain hot water a handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates, which all chemists keep in stock ready put up in packets of convenient sizes and selling at very low prices.

For Liver Disorders use Alkia Saltrates.—(Adv.)

ARE YOU NERVOUS?

Are you sensitive? Do you lack self-confidence and "personal push"? Do you ever feel "all of a tremble"? Do you feel awkward in the presence of others? Do you have "nervous or mental fears" of any kind? Do you shrink from the company of men or women, social gatherings, dances, banquets, speech-making, conversation, singing, playing or "appearing in public"? Do you feel that you are not "getting on" as your natural talents deserve? Learn how to change your whole mental outlook. By the Mento-Nerve Treatment you can quickly acquire strong Nerves and a powerful and progressive Mind, which will give you absolute self-confidence—based on developed natural ability. Being freed from Mento-Neural handicaps you will be amazed at the wonderful way in which you will all your affairs will prosper. Used in the Navy from Vice-Admiral to Seaman, and in the Army from Colonel to Private, D.S.O.s, M.C.s, M.M.s and D.O.M.s. Merely send 3 penny stamps for particulars of guaranteed cure in 12 days. Godfrey Elliott-Smith, Ltd., 47/8, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.

URUSULA'S LOVER

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

URUSULA LORRIMER, a young and pretty girl, who is forced to earn her own living.

JAKE RATTRAY, a man under medical sentence of death.

DORIS ST. CLAIRE, formerly engaged to Jake.

JAKE RETURNS TO TOWN.

SO Spicer got his own way in the end, and took Jake back to London with him. Wise man that he was, he asked no questions, though in his mind he was much exercised to find some likely reason which had been responsible for Jake's sudden change of determination.

"You'll stay with us till we can fix things up, of course?" he asked; but Jake said no; he would prefer to go to his own room. "Dash it all! You've got your own way so far!" he protested, half angrily. "What are you afraid of—that I shall disappear again or something?"

"Elsa hoped you would come to us, that was all," Spicer answered.

"There's one other point," Jake said, with an effort, as they neared London. "If you should see . . . Miss Lorrimer—please don't mention my name to her."

"Right, old!"

"And—if you'll just tell your wife."

Spicer said "Right, old!" again rather dejectedly. He had set his heart on bringing these two together, and now he was to be left to know how fatal such an attempt would be.

"And another thing," Jake said presently, "though you've bullied me into this tomlow voyage, I'm going alone. See? I'm not a blooming fool, that's clear. I'm going round the world. It's thundering good of you to have suggested it, but I shouldn't allow you to make such a sacrifice. You've got your own lives to live, you and Elsa, and I'm not butting in."

"Elsa will look after him till you come back," Spicer protested.

"Humph! Well, I shouldn't. No, I'm going alone. I've got rather fond of my own society lately." He looked down at the terrier at his feet.

"You might give this poor little chap a home, though, if you don't mind," he added, as he stooped and patted the dog's rough coat.

"Elsa will look after him till you come back," Spicer said.

He looked away from Jake as he spoke, and the thought crossed both their minds that perhaps Jake never would come back.

"I'll go and see Simon in the morning," Jake said, presently. He spoke quite indifferently. This unexpected legacy was of no interest to him; he would have found it difficult to explain why he had allowed himself to be persuaded into going away.

He had fallen into an almost chronic state of indifference and depression during the last few weeks, and the one desire at the back of his mind was to be left alone—to get away beyond the reach of encountering Ursula.

"And when shall I see you again?" Spicer asked as they parted in London.

Jake shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, to-morrow. I'll come to lunch if I may."

He felt he was behaving in childish fashion to his friend, but he could not help himself. It was an odd relief to think that in a short time at least he would be out of England—away from all this well-meant supervision, away from all possible cause of encountering Ursula.

He felt more cheerful than he had done for a long time when he called on Simpson Junior the following morning.

"Thought I was lost, eh?" he asked, as they shook hands. "No—no such luck!" Spicer answered him, and told me some romantic story of a further legacy, so I've come to see about it."

Mr. Simpson told him the details.

"And I sincerely hope," he said, smiling at Jake's disinterested face, "that you are not going to ask me to be a party to any more philanthropic ideas. Charity begins at home, you know."

Jake laughed. "As a matter of fact, I'm going to take a trip out to Australia," he said.

"For what reason, the lord alone knows! But I'm told by so doing I may hang on to life for another week or two; so as it's easier to agree than to argue, I'm off!" He paused. "If I don't come back," he added, rather nervously, "I should like anything I possess to go to Miss Lorrimer. Will you see to that for me?"

Mr. Simpson's eyes were very kind as he looked at Jake.

"We will hope that you will come back," he said earnestly. "You are a young man, and doctors are not infallible."

Jake was in no mood for further lecturing. He took his departure as soon as he could and went on to the Spicers.

"He has aged ten years," was the dismayed thought in Elsa's mind as she greeted him.

"Why ever didn't John tell me?"

"She was jealous of me," said Jake. She talked about his coming trip with great interest. Perhaps, had she known the shadow that was hanging over him, she would have been less optimistic. She said frankly that she wished she and her husband could go with him. Spicer had not told her of his offer to Jake.

"It would be a bad case of two's company, three's a crowd," Jake answered; "but I'm leaving Patrick to you, if you'll look after him for me. He's quite a well-behaved member of society now."

He was quite ashamed of himself because the thought of parting with the dog hurt him. Patrick's faithful affection had meant a great deal to him during the weeks of his loneliness.

Spicer had told his wife to be careful not to

speak of Ursula, but it was difficult to avoid mention of her name. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to speak of her to Jake and to suggest asking them both to the flat.

There was some music of Ursula's lying on the piano in the drawing-room, and when for a moment Jake found himself alone he went across to it.

Ursula Lorrimer. Her name was written on each copy in the writing he knew so well. Perhaps some day that name would be famous. Perhaps—if he lived—some day he would hear it spoken, and it would take his thoughts back to a wet afternoon, and the stiff discomfort of Mrs. Sale's sitting-room, and the memory of that moment when he had held Ursula in his arms.

She would soon forget him, if she had not already done so. He put the music down and moved away restlessly. She might have answered his letter. In it he had bared his very heart to her, and she had ignored him.

Coming back to London again had aroused all his old desire to see her. It was with the greatest eagerness he kept away from places where he thought they might meet.

"It won't be far out of your way, and there is a bus that passes the door," so she had told him once.

Self that must have been in another world, or just in days that were now the imagining of his brain.

He spent a great deal of time with the Spicers, but never once met Ursula at the house. He was away, restlessly. She might have answered his letter. In it he had bared his very heart to her, and she had ignored him.

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By RUBY M. AYRES



Ursula Lorrimer.

have got through my life. Next month we are to have a concert just amongst the students, and we shall all be allowed to ask a friend. Would you care to come? I should like you to hear me sing, and let you judge for yourself whether I was worthy your kindness. If you could let me know through Mr. Simpson I will send a ticket."

"I don't expect he will care to come," she thought drearily as she dispatched the letter. "How can he be interested when he has never seen me? I don't suppose he ever gives me a thought."

It seemed hard that there was nobody to be interested in her progress. Most of the other girls who were training under Punelli had their parents or some relatives who were proud of them and anxious for their success, but Ursula had nobody.

She had tried again since her aunt's death to interest Henry March, but he had been so frankly bored with the account of her progress that she had given up the attempt.

There was no music in his soul, he told her bluntly, and had added that he was thankful for it.

"People with the artistic temperament, as you call it, are no good in this kind of world," he told her. "They want one specially built, where money isn't a necessity."

Ursula wondered if he was right. So far, though she tried to believe otherwise, her music had not satisfied her.

Sometimes she would sit for hours at the piano, her hands in her lap, her eyes staring before her, lost in thought.

Life seemed such a dead-end—a thing without point or purpose.

She was surprised how keenly she looked forward to an answer to her letter. After two days she went to Mr. Simpson's office and asked to see him. Simpson Junior greeted her kindly.

"I sent the letter on as you asked me to," he said, "but so far there has been no reply."

"I don't expect there will be," she said lightly, but her lips drooped disappointedly.

Simpson Junior could not understand the situation at all, but he was deeply sympathetic.

"My client is going abroad shortly," he said after a moment. "I know he is very busy making his arrangements—but I am sure that he will answer your letter," he added, privately deciding to speak to Jake about it that afternoon, and if the truth must be told, he was sufficiently interested to hope that these two might meet in his office, but though Ursula stayed some little time Jake did not appear, and it was two days later before he turned up.

"I've been seedy," he explained casually. "No! nothing serious, thanks. Got a bit of a cold, that's all. Well—I'm fixed up, and sail on the fifteen!"

Jake sat glancing at the calendar.

"Another fortnight," he said. "You were lucky to get a passage so soon."

"The sooner the better," said Jake.

"By the way," Simpson Junior went on presently, "Miss Lorrimer called in here last Tuesday. She asked if I had received any reply from you to the letter she wrote. It reached you safely, of course?"

Jake flushed painfully. "Yes, oh, yes. Thanks very much," he stammered.

"Simpson, you don't think she has any idea about . . . you know what I mean?"

Simpson Junior answered at once. "I am sure she has not. She struck me as being rather depressed when I saw her."

"And, of course, but I should say she is very much wither out friends. She stayed here some time, and seemed glad to have someone to talk to." He spoke slowly, and avoided looking at Jake.

"He has a good deal to say about Ursula since he saw her, and was convinced that the trouble with her was loneliness. Why else should she have written that letter to Jake, and have seemed so anxious for a reply?"

"Lonely, was she? Well, it was not for want of him, that was very certain, but it gave him a curious feeling of intimacy to know that she had been here in this very room. He looked rather queer in my eyes."

"She seems to be doing well with her voice," Simpson Junior went on after a moment. "I think you will have reason to be proud of your protégée."

Jake did not answer. He hardly seemed to be listening. Presently he rose to his feet.

"I shall be pleased to forward a letter to Miss Lorrimer at any time," Simpson Junior said again.

"Yes—thanks; thanks very much."

"Jake went downstairs dejectedly. Thank heaven there was only another fortnight during which he must endure this sort of thing! Once he was out of England he need never hear her name again."

So she was lonely, was she? It hurt him intolerably, and yet what could he do for her? Nothing.

He had offered his unworthy self for her acceptance, and she had scorned him. Why worry about her? It was no concern of his if she was sad.

He squared his shoulders resolutely. Only one thing for him to do—wait, and then the past would be left behind him for ever.

Once he had left England he need never see her again, and surely it would be easy enough to avoid her until then!

He turned a corner, and saw Ursula coming towards him.

Do not miss to-morrow's instalment of this fascinating serial.



DON'T SUFFER

from Stomach, Liver and Bowel Disorders. The gentle tonic and corrective action of the new family medicine, Ker-nak, cures and prevents Sick Headaches, Biliousness, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Anemia, Debility, Liver Chills, Bad Breath, Sallowness, Blood Impurities, Shoulder and Hip Pains, etc. Ker-nak is specially prescribed for sickness under present-day conditions of living.

Ker-nak

WILL KEEP YOU WELL.

Ker-nak is obtainable of all Chemists and Drug Stores. If your Chemist is out of stock, the Proprietors of Ker-nak will send you a 1/2 or 3/- box on receipt of 2/- price without obligation for return postage. Address the Ker-nak Natural Remedy Ltd., Leeds.

DON'T SUFFER FROM HÆMORRHOIDS! CURE THEM! SAYS HIGH MEDICAL AUTHORITY.

This can be done only by removing the cause. Years of scientific clinical investigation and close observation by the highest medical authorities have proved conclusively that piles are due solely to blood congestion. Therefore, the only logical, or even possible, way to cure them permanently must be to remove the congestion. Simply shrinking the swollen tissues by using powerful astringents or removing them by a surgical operation will not do. Astringents always make the congestion worse, and operations are only necessary for extreme cases—fistula, tumour, etc.

It is worth knowing that a soothing, cooling, antiseptic, and absolutely non-astringent substance, called Nemolin, will stimulate the local blood circulation and remove the congestion every time. It always affords relief within ten minutes, and produces a complete cure in from one to three weeks, according to severity of the case. At a cost of about 3s. 6d. any chemist can supply a tube of refined Nemolin, together with a suitable applicator for this remarkable curative substance—H. G. C.—(Adv.)

I CURED MY HAIRY FACE AND ARMS FOR EVER, ROOT AND ALL.

Eradicated For Ever Hideous Hair Growths on Face and Arms After Reticent and Many Depilatories Had Failed.

LET ME SEND YOU MY FREE LEAF.

For years I was in despair because of a hideous growth of Superfluous Hair. After seeking relief for years in vain, I secured, through a friend, a small leaflet.

Other in the British Army, a closely guarded secret of the Hindoo Religion, which had made me famous. It was known among the native women of India as a secret which no one knew.

It was so successful in my own case that I no longer have the slightest trace of Superfluous Hair, and I shall be glad to send free to anyone full information to completely destroy all such hair, root and all, without having to resort to the dangerous electric needle.

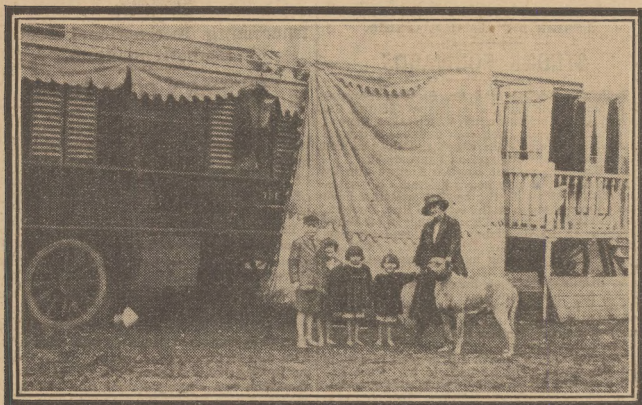
Do not waste your money. Do not stop and send me coupon below, or a copy of it, today, with your name and address, stating whether you are a man or woman, and how many years it has been on your face. I will send you your valuable beauty secrets free as soon as published. Address as below.

THIS FREE COUPON or copy of same to be sent with your name and address and 2d. stamp.

Mrs. HUDSON: Please send free full information and instructions to cure superfluous hair. Also details of other beauty secrets as soon as you can. Address: FRANCESCA HUDSON, 2109, No. 2, Old Savoy Street, London, W.C.

IMPORTANT NOTE—Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high in Society, and is the widow of a prominent Army Officer, so you can write her with entire confidence. Address as above.

A SOLUTION OF HOUSING PROBLEM.



"Where my caravan has rested"—at Hounslow. This family have a comfortable home, and Rent Acts don't interest them. They also have a watchdog with whom it is advisable not to be familiar unless you have been previously introduced.



NEW POST.—Admiral Sir Reginald Tupper, the new Commander-in-Chief, coast of Ireland.



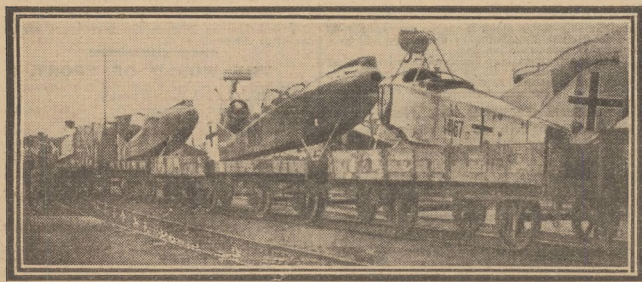
INCOME-TAX.—Miss Ethel Purdie, an expert, who will probably be on the new Commission.



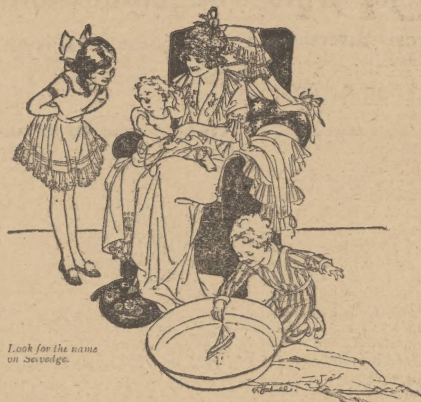
Q SHIP HERO.—Mr. W. Townley-Jones and his bride, Miss Gladys L. Hull. He came from Australia to enlist.



PURE SILK JERSEY.—Of French black, white rabbits wool collar. There are also bands round the cuffs and coat itself.



TRUCK LOADS OF GOTHAS.—Aeroplanes recently surrendered by the Germans on their way to a French aerodrome.—(French official photograph.)



Look for the name on serviette.



TARANTULLE

THE QUALITY COTTON FABRIC FOR HOME-SEWN LINGERIE AND BABY WEAR

is preferred by those who insist on purity and refinement in underwear. Another advantage of the high-grade cotton which Tootals use in its production is that Tarantulle really can be sent to the laundry again and again without risk of deterioration. A luxury and an economy—see name on serviette.

40 inches wide, in Three Weights, Standard 2/9, Fine 3/3, Superfine 3/9 per yard.

PATTERNS FREE ON REQUEST

also of Tobralco, Tootal Pique, Tootal Shirting, and Namrit—the Indelible Voile. Simply write stating which you desire, to TOOTALS, Dept. C20, 32, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD.,
Manufacturers of the Tootal Guaranteed Fabrics.

C193

Every Dyspeptic Needs Bisurated Magnesia.

RELIEVES INDIGESTION, DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCE, SOUR STOMACH AND GASTRITIS IN FIVE MINUTES.

MONEY BACK IF IT FAILS.

The surest, quickest, and safest way to relieve pain in the stomach from acidity and food fermentation—variously called indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis, flatulence, sour stomach, heartburn, etc.—is to take a little Bisurated Magnesia after each meal or whenever pain is felt. Bisurated Magnesia, as any chemist or physician can tell you, instantly neutralises the acid and stops the fermentation, thus giving the stomach a chance to do its work without hindrance and in a painless, normal manner. Bisurated Magnesia is obtainable of leading chemists everywhere in both powder and tablet form, the powder form costing 3s. per bottle and the tablets 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. per flask, and every package contains a binding guarantee contract of satisfaction or money back. For home use, particularly in those sudden, painful attacks called "acute indigestion," we recommend taking a teaspoonful of the powder form in a glass of hot water. The tablet form is particularly suitable for travel.

ling or to take with you when going out for the evening. They are just as effective as the powder, but unless broken up before swallowing, take one or two minutes longer to give relief. Bisurated Magnesia should be kept in every home, in every first aid outfit, carried when out motoring; in fact, it should always be at hand. You don't have to be a dyspeptic to need Bisurated Magnesia. Anyone is likely to eat something that will upset the strongest stomach—then you need Bisurated Magnesia. When you eat too much, too fast, drink too much, or do anything else that makes your stomach "kick up a rumpus"—take Bisurated Magnesia. You'll be astonished at the almost instant relief that follows. The next time you go to a dinner party take a few Bisurated Magnesia Tablets along, and take two or three after eating. They'll double the pleasure of the evening by relieving the distress and discomfort so many experience after eating. Take some along for your friends, too. Ten to one they'll thank you for it.

REPLY TO THE SKIN CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD. BLOODLESS SURGERY.

Read what a great Skin Specialist says:—

Since the leading newspapers have made public that an English lady, a great skin specialist, was making some thousands of wonderful cures by a skin preparation known only to herself, each year from all parts of the country is now bringing in big batches of fresh cures of practically every skin disease.

She is daily curing patients from London hospitals that for years could not be cured; they have had operations and bones scraped, but she does not use a knife, nor is there any cutting or the use of X-ray to find the disease.

ZEE-KOL, this great skin cure, penetrates right to the bone, and if diseased it is cured and new skin is formed, its wonderful powers of healing are felt at the first treatment; there is no stinging, no burning or irritation, only a gentle warmth and a healthy glow comes through the skin, and you know at once that Zee-Kol has commenced

doing its work of first destroying the germs and the unhealthy tissues are replaced by new and healthy skin. Babies in arms covered with **ECZEMA** have been thoroughly cured. **ZEE-KOL** cures the most delicate skin, and is non-poisonous. **VARICOSE ULCERS, VARICOSE ECZEMA, AND BURNS** are cured in record time. **PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, AND PILES** quickly disappear and do not return.

ABSOLUTELY FREE.

The discoverer will send free to all a large sample and a book on the treatment of skin diseases with testimonials from cured sufferers. Send only name and address, and no postage, to the **ZEE-KOL** Mfg. Co. (Dept. 9), 29, Mitchell-street, Old-street, London. Further supplies from all chemists, including Boots', Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, Parke's Drug Stores, Hodder's and Selfridge's, at 1s. 3d. per box, or four times the quantity, 5s.

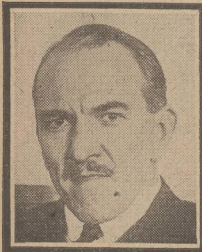
ZEE-KOL

THE WONDER SKIN CURE

Daily Mirror

Thursday, March 27, 1919.

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS.



Sir Stephenson Kent, Controller-General of Civil Demobilisation and Resettlement, who, it is announced, has resigned.



Miss H. M. Dickinson, who has been awarded M.M. and 1914-15 Star. She drove an ambulance in France for two years.



WHERE TO GET FUEL.—There is plenty of spare timber to be had for the asking in the London parks, only everyone must be his own carter.



ON MUNITIONS.—Did useful work in this capacity.



CLERICAL ASSISTANT.—Accountant-General's office, G.P.O.



BEAUTY CONTEST.—Munition and land worker and Government chauffeur.



GOVERNMENT EMPLOY.—A worker at the Ministry of Munitions.

COMPLAINS OF POSTER: SIR A. MOND'S ACTION.



Sir Alfred Mond (wearing silk hat).

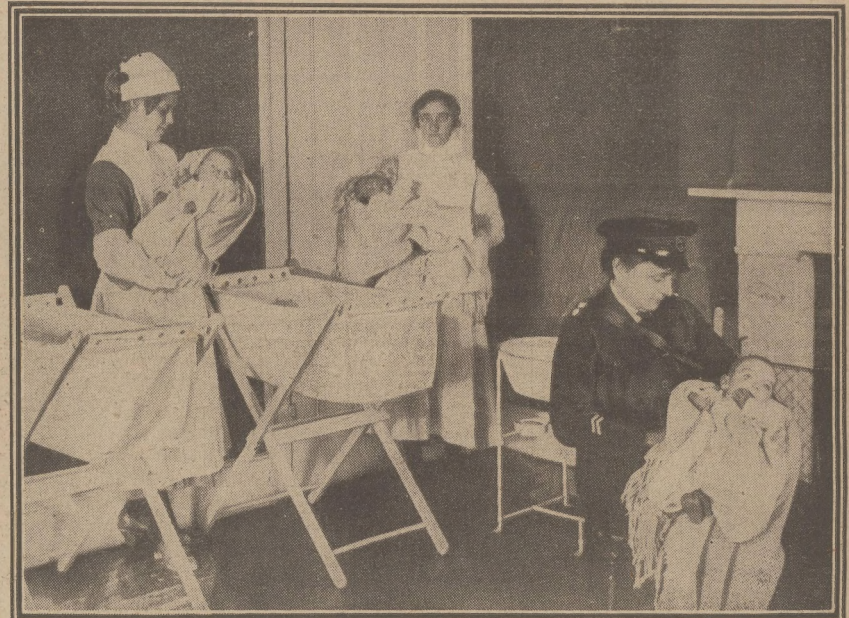


Lieut.-Commander Henry McLeod Fraser with his sister.

In the Chancery Division, yesterday, Mr. Justice Astbury had before him two motions arising out of the alleged libel on Sir Alfred Mond, First Commissioner of Works, by Lieut.-Commander Henry McLeod Fraser. It is complained that a poster bearing the words "Sir Alfred Mond is a traitor" was exhibited on the house tenanted by defendant.



In the grounds. Commandant Damer Dawson (on extreme right) and Commandant Allen (on extreme left).



In one of the dormitories. No babies could have more comfortable quarters. **POLICEWOMEN ESTABLISH "BABIES' CASTLE."**—The Elms, Aldington, Kent, has been acquired by the women police as a home for the babies of unmarried mothers.—(Exclusive photographs.)